

*The Comicall Historie of*

*Shy.* I am very glad of it, Ile plague him, Ile torture him, I am glad of it.

*Tuball.* One of them shewed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a Monky.

*Shy.* Out upon her, thou torturest me *Tuball*, it was my Turkie, I had it of *Leah* when I was a Batchelor: I would not have given it for a wildernesse of Monkeys.

*Tuball.* But *Anthonio* is certainly undone.

*Shy.* Nay, thats true, thats very true, go *Tuball*, see me an Officer, bespeak him a fortnight before, I will have the heart of him if he forfeit, for were he out of Venice I can make what merchandize I will: go *Tuball*, and meet me at our Synagogue, go good *Tuball*, at our Synagogue *Tuball*.  
*Exeunt.*

*Enter Bassanio, Portia, Gratiano, and all their traines.*

*Portia.* I pray you tarry pause a day or two Before you hazzard; for in choosing wrong I loose your company; therefore forbear a while, There's something tells me (but it is not love) I would not loose you, and you know your selfe, Hate counsels not in such a quality; But lest you should not understand me well, And yet a maiden hath no tongue, but thought, It would detain you here some moneth or two Before you venture for me. I could teach you How to choose right, but then I am forsworne, So will I never be, so may you misse me, But if you do, youle make me with a sinne, That I had been forsworn: Be throw your eyes, They have ore-looke me and divided me, One halfe of me is yours, the other halfe yours, Mine own I would say: but if mine then yours, And so all yours; O these naughty times Puts barres between the owners and their rights, And so though yours, not yours; (prove it so) Let Fortune go to hell, not I. I speak too long, but tis to peize the time,

To

*the Merchant of Venice.*

To cech it, and to draw it out in length,  
To stay you from election.

*Bass.* Let me chuse,  
For as I am, I live upon the racke.

*Por.* Upon the racke *Bassanio*, then confesse,  
What treason there is mingled with your love.

*Bass.* None but that ugly treason of mistrust,  
Which makes me feare th'injoying of my Love,  
There may as well be amity and life

Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

*Por.* I, but I feare you speake upon the racke,  
Where men enforced do speak any thing.

*Bass.* Promise me life, and ile confesse the truth.

*Por.* Well then, confesse and live.

*Bass.* Confesse and love

Had been the very summe of my confession:

O happy torment when my torturer

Doth reach me answers for deliverance;

But let me to my fortune and the Caskets.

*Por.* Away then, I am lockt in one of them,

If you do love me, you will find me out.

*Nerissa* and the rest, stand all aloofe;

Let musicke sound while he doth make his choyse,

Then if he loose he makes a Swan-like end,

Fading in musique. That the comparison

May stand more proper, my eye shall be the streame

And warry death-bed for him: he may win,

And what is musique than? Then musique is

Even as the flourish, when true subjects bowe

To a new crowned Monarch: Such it is,

As are those dulcet sounds in break of day.

That creep into the dreaming Bride-groomes eare,

And summon him to marriage. Now he goes

With no lesse presence, but with much more love

Then young *Alcides*, when he did redeme

The virgine tribute, payed by howling Troy

To the Sea monster: I stand for sacrifice,

The rest aloofe are the Dardanian wives:

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With